

These melancholy palm trees
a hundred lining the ocean front parkway
with a postcard blue sky above
white clouds and gulls
before our fling at immortality.

ORPHEUS

Orpheus has fame. and money. a
publisher eager for new texts. everyone
knows his name; he's a national hero.
but this sandy haired boy

the punk poet from nowhere
is loved by the crowds
at the Cafe Des Poets.

A hot youth. 18 and beautiful
drunk as a greek god. lighting yet
another cigarette at 4 in the afternoon.
published by a princess in the nude.

Sees Orpheus consumed by jealousy. his
reputation no consolation.

A brawl breaks out, spills
out onto the narrow streets.
two black cyclists (we know them as
the angels of death) strike as twin bees.
blood trickles from his lips.

She is his death.

Come along, Orpheus, make
yourself useful. carry him into the car.
that long ride through a negative hell.
the usual route. the usual route.
our suicide chauffeur.
the monotone radio announcer.
between bands of static.
the bird sings with its fingers. one time.

Her chateau; champagne and cigarettes.
she levitates the cadaver like tinfoil
dancing in an electrical storm.
together they step through
mirrors that do not reflect enough.